

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Let him goe Gertrard, do not feare our person,
There's such diuinity doth hedge a King,
That treason cannot peepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me Laertes
Why thou art thus incenst, let him goe Gertrard,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead,

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demanda his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell alegiance, vowes to the blackest diuell,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely Ile be reuengd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
The shall goe farre with little.

King. Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere father, i't writ in your reuenge,
That soope-stake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide Ile ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repaist them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sencible in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement pearce
As day dooes to your eye.

A noyse within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now what noyse is that?

Prince of Denmarke.

O heate, dry vp my braines, tear es seauen times salt
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Till our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet Ophelia,
O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, Song.
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

Ophe. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue re-
member, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for
you, & heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies,
you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dasie, I would
giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed,
they say a made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Lear. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettinesse.

Ophe. And will a not come againe, Song.

And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.

His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and all Christians soules,
God buy yous.

Lear. Doe you this O God.

King. Laertes, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deney me right, goe but a part,

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